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For the Myrtle

Autumn Lessons.



H, mamma! since the Autumn's come,
The flowers are dying fast,
I love to see them in their bloom,
But then they cannot last.

But teacher says, I have a soul
That will live on forever,
I must be very good and true,
And love the gracious giver.
Of all this beauteous world we see,
And of my friends so kind,
My father and my mother dear,
And of my thinking mind.
God must be very good indeed,
To give me every thing I need.

A. S. T.

Grandfather's Darling.



GRANDFATHER is past ninety, and little May but four,
Yet they love to sit together beside the cottage door;
And as the old man dances his darling on his knee
He tells her of the far-back time when he was young as she.

Those long and rambling stories May oft before has heard,
But she listens with wide-open ears to every well-known word:
And in her mind she wonders if he remembers too
The man who lived in Noah's ark, when this old world was new.

Grandfather's hair is scanty, and white as driven snow,
While May's rich curls are golden, kissed by the sun's warm glow.
But as the young head nestles fondly against the old,
You see the sunlight blending the silver and the gold.

Grandfather is not book-learned, but from his early youth
He has striven to walk heavenward, and loved the way of truth;
And now he clasps his darling as the day is getting dim,
And both together murmur a simple evening hymn.

His stalwart sons come round him — all well advanced in years —
And tell him how the world goes on with all its hopes and fears;
But from their modern gossip he turns away to hear
The childish prattle little May is whispering in his ear.

Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but four,
So they will not sit together long beside the cottage door;
But we know when the old man from earth is called away,
His God and her's will still protect his darling little May.

Colloquy.*



DA: When quiet little girls get together, they play house-keeping and visiting with their dolls, and act the matron to perfection. But I don't know how we can pass the time more pleasantly or with greater profit to ourselves, than by talking awhile of our dear Sunday School, and girls, do you know I am beginning to love the paper lessons? You

remember we coaxed our teacher for new books; but, somehow, the MYRTLE has crept into my heart, and I now prefer its beautiful teachings to those of any other book. What say you, Susie?

SUSIE: I have always loved the word MYRTLE. This green, trailing vine (displaying a sprig of myrtle) that rejoices in the name, has ever been beautiful to me, and our little gem of a paper was dear to my heart, even before I had learned much from its instructive pages. Have you a kind word for our favorite, Grace?

GRACIE: Oh yes; it has twined itself all un-

* We borrow this Sunday School colloquy about our two Sunday School papers, from the pages of the *Guiding Star*. And with it, we borrow also the note of the editor of that paper, which explains itself.

"A teacher in the Little Falls, N. Y., Sunday School writes to us: 'My class, consisting of eight girls, from ten to thirteen years of age, desired me to find them a colloquy for our last concert, which occurred March 1st. As I had none at hand I hastily prepared this, which was quite well received and its publication proposed. You will see that it was suggested by the lessons in the MYRTLE, which is my apology for making our dear *Guiding Star* seem secondary.' No apology is necessary, for our Sunday School papers, though two in name, are one in spirit, and the editor of the MYRTLE is one of the dearest friends of the editor of the *Guiding Star*."

consciously around my heart, too, and I find myself learning its lessons, in spite of my intention to the contrary. Let us resolve to love them better, and if we can only get one lesson, give these, so purely scriptural, the preference, and by our prompt answers in future, try to make amends, for our former inattention, and any annoyance we may have caused our kind and faithful Superintendent during the general recitation. But now, girls, let us introduce to you, the *Guiding Star* and MYRTLE, (handing her the papers) to our new scholar and friend, Hattie.

HATTIE: I am glad to be one of your happy number, and hope soon to take a likely interest in all that is so attractive to the rest of you. But in the meantime you must bear with me, if, in fancy, I wander back to the school and friends I have left so recently, where "fond memory" loves to linger, and the tear of recollection will start, even amid these pleasant surroundings.

GRACIE: We are glad to welcome you again, Lottie.

LOTTIE: I am here to-night to assure you that I still wish to be considered one of your number, and have my name enrolled as a "Lover of Jesus." Beautiful name! May we, as a class, strive more earnestly to deserve it. Commencing upon the first Sunday in the quarter, and the first of the merry spring time, according to our almanacs, if not the weather. And let us by our punctuality, perfect lessons, and correct deportment, try to win—not only the golden opinions of the school, but its highest "Reward of Merit"—the coveted Banner of Blue.

ADA: Let us hear from you, Jennie.

JENNIE: I am glad you have introduced the *Guiding Star*, that beautiful light on the horizon of the Sunday School. It has not the age of the MYRTLE, but is fast shedding a holy luster throughout the land. How I love the pretty stories with their useful lessons, from the pen of "Aunt Carrie," or dear Mrs. Soule, who has passed through so many baptisms of sorrow that her heart is full of sympathy with the afflicted every-where. Did you ever read "One More," or how she counted her treasures in heaven, when her darling son was instantly killed in Prairie land last summer? And you know, our dear *Star* dates from the anniversary of another noble boy's death in the hospital. Does it not seem that a merciful providence has spared her the anguish of seeing her loved ones die? filling her heart with such sweet submission and holy trust

that we could hardly dream it had ever been so crushed by sorrow. But, what is your verdict, Annie?

ANNIE: For our papers, of course. I fear we have not fully appreciated their matchless worth. What can be more impressive than our lessons upon the life of the Saviour, and what more touching than the sad recital we are now hearing of his denial, betrayal and death, with its untold agony! But let us look beyond to the glad resurrection morn when our dear Redeemer triumphed over death and the grave, and ascended on high to prepare a place for us in our Father's house of many mansions. Why are you so quiet, Nellie?

NELLIE: I have been listening to every word, as I am deeply interested in all that concerns our dear Sunday School, and do not know how we will ever repay its devoted officers and teachers for their labors of love in our behalf. Especially am I reminded of those noiseless workers, who take charge of our books and papers, and bring them to us, regularly as the Sunday comes, doing their work so quietly that we almost forget their presence, just as we sometimes lose sight of Santa Claus, when we are enjoying the good things he has given us. If I were in the open air, I would propose three cheers for our librarian and his assistant.

SUSIE: Now girls, let us sing "Love one another," (which is the chorus to Angry Words), which, I'm sure, will keep us in tune the rest of the evening.

The class then sang the solo; the whole school joining in the chorus to good effect.

"Oh, Dear!" and "All Right!"

I was staying for a few days at Mr. Shedd's. Johnny Shedd was a bright, smart boy of ten years, and I liked him very much, but for one thing.

"Johnny," his mother would say, "won't you go out and bring in an armful of wood?"

"Oh, dear!—and Johnny's face would snarl up again,—“my side aches dreadfully!” Strange to tell, he was rolling his ball very noisily just before, and did not complain of his side at all.

Or, "Johnny, it's time to go to school."

"Oh, dear! I want to finish this sled. Can't I stay at home this afternoon?"

I freely confess I was very tired of Johnny's "Oh, dears!" before my visit was over.

I went next to Mr. Barnes'. Johnny Barnes was a boy of about the same age as Johnny Shedd; but, before an hour, I had found out they were no more alike than pumpkin and peas.

"Johnny, won't you carry this letter to the post-office?"

"All right!" and Johnny smiled pleasantly as he laid "Robinson Crusoe" on the shelf, and started off at once.

Or, "Johnny, I want you to sort over the winter apples this evening."

"All right!" and off he would go, leaving his jackstraws and dominoes for the little girls to amuse themselves with.

Or, "Johnny, you must shovel the snow from the sidewalk before school."

"All right!" and back on the hook again went the skates he had just taken down to use a little while before school.

I was at Mr. Barnes' a whole week, and never once saw Johnny out of temper when asked to do anything. Do you wonder I loved him with his cheerful "All right!"?

Little folks, which is the better way?

Well Spring.

A Secret.

Breakfast was just over.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Draper, "I want you to help me for half an hour, and then you will have an hour for play before school-time."

Not one scowl, nor a single oh dear! was the result of this announcement.

"Flossy, you may wipe the dishes and then dust the sitting-room; and you, Dwight, may feed the hens and then pick up chips the rest of the time."

Dwight went off, trying his best to whistle "Hail, Columbia;" and Flossy went busily to work. She did not wipe the dishes very fast, for she had been taught that first she must learn to wipe them very nicely, and then she might wipe them as fast as she could, still wiping them just as nicely.

The children were still working busily and happily, when their mother said, "Now you may play; and I hope you will be as happy in your play as you have been faithful at your work."

"What shall we play?" asked Dwight.

"I will play whatever you wish," said Flossy, kindly.

"But," said Dwight, "I am always the happiest when I let you decide and play what you like."

"Well, then," said Flossy, "let us play ball for half an hour and you shall choose for the other half hour."

Of course, after deciding the matter so pleasantly, the children felt very good-natured, and it seemed as though those balls felt good-natured too, as they bounded into all sorts of queer places.

Flossy's ball came plump down upon the back of a mother hen; and she ran and flew, and the ten little chicks ran and flew, and all the hens cackled, and the children laughed, and oh, such a time!

Then Dwight's ball hid among some bushes, and there was a great scrambling to see which would find it first. After a little, they tried to see which could throw his ball the higher, when Flossy's seemed to like to be high for it lodged on a shed with a thatched roof.

"What shall I do?" said Flossy. "I'm afraid to climb that ladder."

"I will get it for you," said Dwight.

You can see him going up the ladder and need only be told that he soon came down with the ball. Just after this, old Aunt Nabby went along the road, picking up sticks and such pieces of decayed wood and broken brush as she could find.

"Come, Flossy," said Dwight, "let's spend the other half-hour helping Aunt Nabby pick up her wood,—she is so old, you know."

Flossy willingly consented. And, "Blessin' on ye," came so heartily from Aunt Nabby's lips, that their hearts were light and their bodies active and their fingers nimble.

Just as the bell began to ring for school, Farmer Taft rode along, and said, "Well, well, anybody who finds any stray bits of wood beside this road after this must have mighty sharp eyes. Now, if you youngsters want a ride to school, just jump in here with your sticks;—and you, too, Aunt Nabby. I go right past your door, you know."

Aunt Nabby was soon at home, much pleased with her new stock of firewood.

And the children jolted along to school, laughing at Farmer Taft's droll speeches.

Now the secret which I want the children who read this to find out, is this,—what was it that made these children so cheerful at their work, and so obliging and kind in their play?

GRATITUDE is the memory of the heart.



For the Myrtle.

A Picture-Book.

ROBIE had a Christmas book,
And sat down to begin it.
His treasure he took and began to look,
But there were no stories in it!

Did he shut it up disdainfully,
And lay it on the shelf?
Oh, no,—“ I’ll see the pictures,” said he,
“ And make the stories myself ” *H. A. B.*



Pussy Ringing the Bell.



ESTLING away among the beautiful hills of Surrey, and about five and twenty miles south of London, there stands the romantic little town of Dorking.

In a house situated at the southern extremity of the town lives a wonderful little tabby-cat named Muffy, whose curious tricks have been a source of much amusement; one in particular is that in which it has discovered a means of getting admission to the comfortable warm kitchen when it has been unfortunate enough to find itself outside with all the doors shut.

At the side-wall of the house there is a small

aperture, of about two feet square, opening into the kitchen, and intended for the use and convenience of butchers, bakers, or grocers, who would otherwise have to go round to the back entrance. Inside of this aperture is suspended a bell, which Miss Muffy must, no doubt, have often seen used by butchers, bakers, and grocers, to call the attention of the cook. She has, therefore, adopted the same plan; and when tired of her prowlings about the garden, or hunting for birds in the adjoining wood, she springs up to the little door, and, with her paw or head, keeps ring, ring, ringing at the bell until the door is opened and she gets admission.

Muffy, you see, is not only a very intelligent

little cat, but I tell you she is also a very good-natured one, too. She submits to being dressed in doll's clothes, and will sometimes lie quite still in the cradle for hours together; and, when told to stand upon her hind legs and give a kiss, does so with a gracefulness hitherto unknown in the annals of cats.

A Mother's Tact.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet," so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cozy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew, too, that a few minutes' work would make all right again and Josie was happy.

All went well till the little boy found he had cut off a leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said, quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"O yes, sometimes."

"I will," and the sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer, but the quick sympathy and ready tact made all right.

The boy's heart was comfortable, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed quietly, with no jar of nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired of cutting pieces, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse-wagon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you're going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them in the kindling box; play that's the wood house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking he was doing anything but play.

Every period of life has its peculiar prejudices. Whoever saw old age that did not applaud the past, and condemn the present times?

Rosaline's Three Wishes.

ROSALINE sat in a rosy dell,
Her feet all buried in flowers;
The skies, less blue than her violet eyes,
Bathed her in their sunshine showers.
Rosaline sat with a heart all full
Of dreams too sweet to be,—
The birds sang loud on the birchen bough,
And the world was fair to see.

O, if there were fays, thought Rosaline,
And one should come floating by
In a little rose-leaf chariot
To find where strawberries lie,
I would show her where the reddest grow,
And then she would give to me
Something choicer than silver or gold,—
The blessing of wishes three!

My Father and I dwell all alone,
And his soul is full of care;
So first I'd wish for purest joys
To be his life-long share.
And then I'd wish for a lover true,
To come from the world to me;—
And all the joys of the whole great earth,
Should make up my wishes three.

The bird sang sweet on the birchen spray,
The bee hummed idly by,
The wind made music in the leaves,
And the sunshine filled the sky.
But never a fay in the rose-leaf came,
And never came wishes three;
So Rosaline put her dreams away,
And back to Life went she!

The Bird's Appeal.

ALITTLE girl, with golden hair,
Listen to a poor bird's prayer;
Boy, with brow or careless glee,
Do not scorn a mother's plea.

Do not steal my nest, so neat,
And my baby birds, so sweet;
What you know of all they need,
How to warm, or how to feed?

Boy and girl, your mother oft
Strokes your brow with fingers soft;
She loves you, and I love these;
Do bring back my darlings, please.

Hard we worked, my mate and I,
Many a sunny morn went by;
But we rested not, nor played,
Till our cosy home was made.

Then what songs my partner sung
While I brooded o'er the young;
What long flights o'er vale and hill
We have had their mouths to fill.

Show us mercy—you are strong—
Do not such a cruel wrong,
Lest yourselves may vainly plead
For the mercy you may need.

FEAR anticipates and magnifies future evils.



The State Convention..

We have been waiting to tell the children something about the grand meeting of the Massachusetts State Convention at Worcester, three weeks, but the time is almost past. It was a great meeting, great not only in numbers but in spirit and power; and all present felt it to be so.

Fine sermons and addresses were given; important business was done; the conference meetings and the ladies meeting were of great interest; and not least among interesting things was the ordination of the young evangelist from Scotland, Rev. J. U. Mitchell.

Many of these things would have been of great interest to the young and even the children. But they were not there to hear. That was one of the regrets of the occasion to us, that we saw no children, and but few young faces in the audience. Thirty years from now, dear children, we shall be gone and you will be in our places. All this will be your business. Are you growing up in it? Are you learning every year to know about our dear church and to love its work. You could not help it if you were to go to these glorious gatherings of those who now love it and are carrying forward its interests. Do not neglect the chance when it comes to you. Among the most blessed memories of our childhood are the memories of the Associations and the Conventions of our churches, where we first heard the great preachers of our faith. Are the young growing different now? Or do they imagine they will be out of place at these meetings? Far from it; there are places where they are needed and where they need to go. Parents and children, remember this: Let us see the young faces.

Night in a Railway Station.

DEAR CHILDREN:—All day long, as we have been riding on a long journey, over the rough railroads of Vermont, I have been thinking what I would write you for your MYRTLE of next week. And while I have been searching after a subject, the subject has come to me. Or perhaps I should say the *subjects*, for it is about a room full of little children.

It is almost midnight; and we are all in a large waiting-room of the depot at Rutland, waiting for the night trains. I lay my paper on the counter of the restaurant to write, where are the doughnuts and the sandwiches and the quarters of pie all under glass covers, and where the red checked apples make a tempting show. As I look up, my eyes fall upon babies,—babies everywhere. I think you would like to see them through my eyes.

I would begin with Tommy, if Tommy were here. But that brave baby got off some miles below, after riding with us nearly all day. And all the time he has chattered and shouted and careered about, until his grave papa with the spectacles threatened to whip him a little if he did not hush the noise,—a threat we were sorry to hear. He has told everybody his name and where he lived and all about his visiting. He has entertained us with "Yankee Doodle" who "tame to town 'pon a 'Panish pony" and "had a fader in his tap" just like his. He has "tung a tong o'tixpence" and called the "boys and diris" to "tome out to

p'ay, for de moon does tine as bright as day," and all the rest of good old Mother Goose. And he went off at last, crowing that he had "dot to Chester" and was "doing to tee Untle Dard'ner" and that was the last of irrepressible Tommy.

But I will begin with the family opposite for they are the next liveliest chatters. There are five of them,—two little girls, two little boys, and a baby. And though it is midnight, not one of them is asleep; even the baby wakes up to cry and nestle about. They may be Irish children; the father and mother are certainly plain laboring people, and the children are poorly dressed and not used to being out like this. But they are such a happy family! Just now they all have sugar-plums, and they eat them as though sugar-plums were a treat. It is a treat to travel, too, and they cannot afford to sleep, or to be cross and peevish as most children are. One little one sits on a basket and leans against his mother's knee; while the baby lies asleep; but the others sit bolt upright and chatter and chipper about everything they see. And they are so kind to one another and so jolly and sweet at this sleepy midnight, that it rests us all to see and hear them.

Then there is the other little family with the sick mother, that lie asleep all about us. The father came in almost bearing the mother in his arms, and laid her back in an arm chair, for she was too sick either to stand or sit up. Behind them came two little boys and a girl older but herself scarcely ten years old, and she brought the two-year-old baby-boy in her arms. Kind ladies asked some gentlemen to get up and give the sick lady a settee, and they made a bed with shawls and cloaks, and a satchel for a pillow. Then a lady took the crying baby and hushed him to sleep, and they made him a little bed on another settee. Then the ladies discovered a nice soft lounge in a private room and asked leave to have it brought out for the sick lady. So her husband and another kind gentleman brought it out by the stove, and when it was warm they laid the sick lady comfortably upon it. And all were glad for her, for they had come all the way from Michigan and had been a long way on the wrong train, and had to be out nearly all night. Then they put the tired little sister where the mother had been, and she was soon asleep. The oldest boy had dropped into an arm-chair and was asleep long before. His hat dropped off on the floor but he was too tired to know it. The other little boy kept bravely awake for a whole hour and tried to help take care of his mother. But finally he climbed up on the settee with the baby and his head bumped this way and that as he tried to sit upright. An aged gentleman who had given up his place to the babies, and was vainly trying to sleep in two chairs, saw the little fellow and sent a lady over with his overcoat to make him comfortable. She found the little boy crying all to himself; and she soothed him and made him a bed with the great-coat, and put his feet up beside the baby's, and there he lies, sleeping like a lamb.

Meanwhile, the kind gentleman who had helped bring out the lounge was looking after his own little ones, for he had two. The mother had the only rocking-chair with her baby, and the "little boy blue" with the long curls had been trotting around with his father. But he was growing tired, and the father sat down and took him on his knee. Then the lady who had helped fix up the babies, laughingly said to him, "There's one place more. Why not put the little fellow on the table?" He said, "I've been studying about that for the baby." No sooner said than done. A bundle of shawls came out, a bed was made on the little table. And they have tucked up that baby, "as snug as a bug in a rug."

Then the mother said, "give me the other one, and I'll hold him." But the father said, "no; give the rocking chair to the other lady." For there was another lady and another baby, a wee bit of a baby not three months old, in a bit of a blue cap with white satin bows. And the pretty young mother with this least little one had the rocking chair, and the little thing lies curled up asleep in her arms like a little kitten. And the little boy blue is asleep too in his papa's arms. And even the old gentleman, with his head against the wall and no coat to lean it on, has dropped off into the land of nod.

Now, has not all this been a pretty thing to see? and does it not pay for three or four hours waiting in the tired and sleepy midnight? Two little texts, that you all know, I have thought of a dozen times; and so would you if you had been among these tired little ones, and had not been asleep yourselves. They are, "Bear ye one another's burdens in love," and "In honor preferring one another." Do you not see in how many ways I have been made to think of them?

H. A. B.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXV.—PAUL

Question.—Who proposed to go upon the second missionary journey?

Answer.—Acts xv. 36.

Q.—What did he propose to do?

A.—Acts xv. 36.

Q.—Whom did Barnabas determine to take with him?

A.—Acts xv. 37.

Q.—Who went with Barnabas and Paul upon their first journey?

A.—Acts xiii. 5.

Q.—What was the name of John Mark's mother?

A.—Acts xii. 12.

Q.—What relation was Mark to Barnabas?

A.—Col. iv. 10.

Q.—What did they think about taking Mark with them on the second journey?

A.—Acts xv. 38.

Q.—Why did Paul object to taking him?

A.—Acts xv. 38, xiii. 13.

NOTE. No doubt Barnabas was attached strongly to his nephew. But a homesickness and shrinking from the work induced him to desert Barnabas and Paul when upon their first journey; and Paul was anxious to have a companion who could endure hardness, as a good soldier of Christ.

Q.—As Paul and Barnabas could not agree respecting Mark, what did Barnabas do?

A.—Acts xv. 39.

Q.—What may have been one inducement for Barnabas to go to the island of Cyprus?

A.—Acts iv. 36.

NOTE. As Mark was the son of a sister of Barnabas, it is possible that Mark was born there and had an extensive acquaintance there, as well as Barnabas.

Q.—What did Paul do?

A.—Acts xv. 40.

Q.—What was the position of Silas in the church at Jerusalem?

A.—Acts xv. 22.

Q.—Did Paul and Silas have the benediction of the church at Antioch?

A.—Acts xv. 40.

Q.—To what regions did they go?

A.—Acts xv. 41.



Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 10, 9, 26, 13, 7, 24, became a traitor.

My 28, 11, 2, 10, 18, 8, 7, 20, 23, took a fort by stratagem.

My 1, 12, 21, 25, 27, 10, 14, 13, 5, was the site of a battle with the Indians.

My 9, 22, 15, 7, 16, 3, married an Indian Princess.

My 4, 22, 9, 16, 17, 28, 7, 19, suffered from Indian hostilities.

My whole, required the strongest nerve of our country's defenders.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 77 letters.

My 18, 6, 42, 68, 46, 70, is the name of a plant.

My 18, 52, 72, 45, 76, is the name of a tree.

My 1, 31, 69, 46, 63, 64, is a kind of grain.

My 22, 7, 12, 51, 55, 67 is a domestic animal.

My 43, 14, 73, 17, 40, 34, 59 is what we are all interested in.

My 3, 66, 10, 20, 24, 30 is a vegetable.

My 18, 4, 32, 75, 38, 35, 74, 44, 72, 30, 61, is one of the United States.

My 5, 58, 25, 11, 44, 62, 19, is what we all should be ready to do.

My 9, 36, 61, 48, 15, is a river in Vermont.

My 71, 4, 77, 53, 41, 59, is one of your relatives.

My 16, 21, 26, 37, 27, is an animal valuable for its fur.

My 56, 27, 33, 39, is a garment.

My 29, 2, 20, 8, 45, 65, 43, 23, 10, is a flowering plant.

My 47, 9, 49, is a personal pronoun.

My 57, 24, 60, 54, 26, is always wrong to do.

My 13, 73, 17, is used by tanners.

My whole is found in Christ's sermon on the mount.

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